Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maieſtie vouchſafe me.

Qu. Was that Hector?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag. I will kiſſe thy royall finger, and take leaue. I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to hold the Plough for her ſweet loue three yeares. But moſt eſteemed greatneſſe, will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praiſe of the Owle and the Cuckow? It ſhould haue followed in the end of our ſhew.

Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will doe ſo.

Brag. Holla, approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-ſmockes all ſiluer white,
Doe paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euery tree,
Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ſtrawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer Smockes:
The Cuckow then on euery tree
Mockes married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parſons ſaw:
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marrians noſe lookes red and raw:
When roaſted Crabs hiſſe in the bowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who:
A merrie note.
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The words of Mercurie,
Are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exunt omnes.

FINIS.